

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Sea Songs of Charles Dibdin; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings.
By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M. D. &c. &c. Part I. 4to. London, 1823.

We have been among the warmest admirers of Charles Dibdin, and really consider it a national reproach that no tribute has yet been paid to the sweetest and most patriotic of British lyrists. Truly did Dibdin say of his songs—that they have been ‘the solace of sailors in long voyages—in storms—in battle; and they have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline.’ Dibdin’s songs have manned the British navy, and did much towards rendering the British sailor as happy as he was fearless. Love of country breathed in every line; while, had he been born on the ocean, and rocked by Neptune himself, he could not have displayed a stronger attachment to a sailor’s life. The ‘Sea Songs’ of Dibdin, however, only form a small portion of the nine hundred songs he wrote, which, as has been well observed, ‘circulate through all ranks, from the elegant drawing-room to the humble cottage.’

Having thus paid our humble tribute to the memory of Charles Dibdin, we turn to his editor, Dr. Kitchiner, who so often comes before us, and, we speak it not invidiously, is always an old friend with a new face. At one time he teaches us how to see double through his telescopes—at another how to avoid seeing double at the table: he directs us in the choice of all the essentials of good living, and, if necessary, provides us with an appetite into the bargain. At one time he teaches us how to sing songs, and at another furnishes us with songs to sing—thus, always labouring for the mental or corporeal good of his fellow-creatures, Dr. Kitchiner supplies us with a volume every six or twelve months; and his name is familiar to all the town, from the star-gazing occupant of the attic, where his telescopes can best be used, to the kitchen, where the precepts of his ‘Cook’s Oracle’ are put into operation. Hitherto we have spoken of

Dr. Kitchiner as an author, but it is as an editor that he now appears before us, and that, we confess, under less favourable circumstances than we could have wished. We by no means dispute Dr. Kitchiner’s taste in selecting and arranging Dibdin’s sea songs, but we are sorry to find that he has not been able to give more novelty to the memoir of his author, if we may consider the portion given in Part I. as a fair specimen. He says his biographical sketch was ‘carried to the person best able to correct it, Mrs. Dibdin.’ We confess we have doubts of Mrs. D.’s ability, and we need no other proof of it than the scanty information with which she has supplied him. There are individuals living who could certainly have given a more interesting and more complete memoir, but as they have not done it, we are thankful for what Dr. Kitchiner bestows on us. One fact Mrs. Dibdin announces in her letter, which we are glad to hear: it is that she has at least eighty MS. songs, and a full opera by Dibdin, together with all his entertainments at Sans Souci, which she is anxious to publish; and if they are, as Mrs. D. says, quite equal to her husband’s former productions, we are sure they may be safely committed to the press in full reliance of a favourable reception.

Charles Dibdin was born at Southampton on the 15th of March, 1745; he was the eighteenth-child; and his mother was fifty at his birth. He had a brother twenty-nine years older than himself, Thomas Dibdin, on whose death he wrote the beautiful ballad of ‘Poor Tom Bowling’: he was captain of an East Indiaman, and father of the present Reverend Thomas Frogmell Dibdin, of black letter celebrity.

Charles Dibdin was educated at Winchester, and intended for the church, but music was his darling passion. Fuseli, the organist of Winchester cathedral, taught him the gamut, when only nine years of age, and this was almost his only instruction; yet, so eagerly and so successfully did he prosecute self-tuition, that, at the age of sixteen, he brought out an opera, in two acts, called

The Shepherd’s Artifice, acted at Covent Garden, and which was entirely written and composed by himself. From this time he became an active composer of music for operas, and soon afterwards commenced actor, in the character of Dametas in *Midas*; but his best performances were Mungo in the *Padlock*, and Ralph in the *Maid of the Mill*, in both of which it is said he has never been equalled. In the latter character he was encored in all the songs—his salary augmented thirty shillings a-week; and Ralph handkerchiefs were worn as frequently as Belcher’s in the days of that hero of the fist.

In 1778, Mr. Dibdin was appointed exclusive composer to Covent Garden Theatre, on a salary of 10l. per week; in 1782, he built the Circus (Surrey), and which he continued to manage until 1785. In 1789 he brought out the first of those entertainments of which he was the sole author, composer, and performer: and we agree with Dr. Kitchiner that—

‘These performances are quite without a parallel: indeed taking only the poetry and music of his “*Sans Souci Songs*,” in number about three hundred and sixty! what poet or musician has done any thing like half so much in the song way, of equal goodness.’

Dr. Knox paid a high compliment to the chasteness of Dibdin’s muse when he told him that ‘he was the only man he ever knew that could convey a sermon through the medium of a comic song.’ Dibdin, independent of his songs, about nine hundred in number, wrote nearly seventy dramatic pieces, and set to music fifteen or sixteen, the production of other writers; nearly two hundred of his songs were generally encored. Dibdin both wrote and composed with great facility; he says the same impulse that inspired the words generally gave birth to the music; and thirty of his prominent songs did not cost him more than three-quarters of an hour labour to each. Had Dibdin been paid at the rate of living composers, he would have stood some chance of accumulating money. Mr. Bishop, we understand, will not compose any tune for less than twenty guineas.

neas; but Dibdin only got 45l. for the five and twenty songs he composed for Lionel and Clarissa; and a like sum for the whole of the music of the *Padlock*, of which 23,000 copies were sold.

Dr. Kitchiner gives a list of the productions of Dibdin, and concludes the first portion of the Memoir with a letter from Dibdin to his wife, which breathes strong conjugal affection.

The work is intended to contain one hundred sea songs, twenty-six of which are given in the first part, including 'Tom Bowling,' 'Poor Jack,' 'Nothing like Grog,' 'Ben Backstay,' 'Death or Victory,' and others of his most admired songs. Little criticism is necessary on these songs, since there is scarcely an Englishman to whom they are not known, or by whom they are not admired; for, though written with that simplicity which renders them intelligible to the class of men to whom they were more especially directed, they are free from vulgarity, and may be admitted into the drawing-room as well as the forecastle.

Fulvius Valens; or, the Martyr of Cæsarea. A Tragedy. 8vo. pp. 103. London, 1823.

To write a play, which shall be rejected by the managers of our theatres, is no more a proof of defective talents, than to write another, that shall be accepted, is of the author's having a dramatic genius. But, although we cannot help censuring the indifference, bordering on contempt, with which authors are treated by the proprietors of theatres, we must acknowledge, that the bad pieces produced far exceed in number the good ones that are rejected.

The author of 'Fulvius Valens' candidly acknowledges, that it was written for representation, but was rejected by the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, although the principal character was intended for Kean, and 'received, on his perusal of the drama, his entire approbation.' Actors, like authors, are not always the best judges of matters that belong to themselves, and Mr. Kean, in approving of the part assigned to him, seems to have quite mistaken his own powers, as much as he mistakes public taste, if he thinks 'Fulvius Valens' a good acting play. It is, in fact, a dramatic poem, but a poem of a very high order indeed. Its greatest fault, after all, is, that the characters are not strongly enough marked for an acting play in the present age, when the extravagance of melo-drama has gone far to corrupt our taste for the re-

gular drama; but, even to fail, as the author has done, is a triumph, since it proves, that he not only possesses poetical talents of a high rank, but that those talents are so far dramatic, as to give considerable hopes that, in a new effort, he may be completely successful.

The second title of this tragedy will at once bring to mind Mr. Milman's fine poem, the 'Martyr of Antioch,' and there is a similarity in the story; but the author assures us, that the 'Martyr of Cæsarea' was written before he read the 'Martyr of Antioch'; and this we can readily believe, for, although there are coincidences, yet there does not appear, so far as we recollect, any palpable imitation of each other.

The plot of 'Fulvius Valens' is simple, and develops itself naturally up to the end of the fourth act.

Fulvius Valens has lost his wife and three sons and two daughters, by the persecution of the Christians in Cæsarea, yet his faith remains unshaken, and he brings up his surviving son Marcus and his daughter Constantia to follow his precepts and constancy. Marcus is in love with Aurelia, the niece of Claudius Herminianus, Governor of Cæsarea, and Constantia is beloved by Aurelius, the Governor's nephew. Fulvius, fearing that love might have caused a change of faith not sincere in Aurelius and Aurelia, refuses his consent to their marriage with his son and daughter, until they have undergone a year's trial. That period expires with the opening of the play, and Fulvius consents to their union. That of Herminianus is still to be obtained; and, in the mean time, he had received an edict from Rome against the Christians. Caius Afer, a patrician and intriguer, such as is found in every court and in every tragedy, is in love with Aurelia, and the Governor favours his suit, threatens to give her to him, and to punish Aurelius with death, if he marries the Christian, Constantia. The scene in which Marcus is apprized of this, is finely worked up, and we quote an extract:—

Marcus. How! The wife of him! Of Afer! She, whose soul Is fram'd for every sweet domestic joy, Whose being is made up of love; that love, Dear pledge! now consecrate to me, and she Become the wife of Afer! They may rend Our bleeding hearts out of our bosoms, but Long as they beat, they throb but for each other.

Impotent folly! She the wife of Afer! By heaven, it makes me laugh!

Aurelius. Nay, nay, a little— Have but a little patience.

Marcus. Patience! patience! A word, Aurelius, cannot charm away Heart-bursting agonies! Could I behold her Smiling on him? No!—I should see her, brother,

Aye, I would rather see her in the death throes, And pour my blood out with her. Her sweet form, Fair as our mother Eve, ere she knew guilt, Were better mangled by the executioner Than her soul given to Afer.

Aurelius. Sure, my fate Is hard to bear as yours.

Marcus. No, none can mate it! You have to perish for your faith and love, Constantia never will forsake Aurelius. And when the heavens shall reward your faith, Even there your love is blest with your Constantia,

For love hath but one life; but I am doom'd To see mine sacrific'd, to watch in vain, Aye, hopelessly to linger, courting death, Which 'tis impiety to seek. Oh Father! Who hast hallow'd the pure union of young hearts,

Thou'st join'd our souls to-day. Will not thy arm Avenge? Sleep'st thou, Eternal, when they mock All that thou hast implanted in our souls Of best and fondest? Oh! my heart, Aurelius, My heart is rent in twain!

Fulvius Valens, as head of the Christians, is summoned to the hall of the Roman Proconsul, where the decree is read, which declares, that the whole Christian set must be extirpated by death or conversion. Herminianus allows only one day for their decision, and calls on the Christians to abjure their faith. They all look at Fulvius, who declares, in their name, that they—

refuse
To barter everlasting peace above
For slavery on earth!

Herminianus. Then the decree Must be enforced against you. Oh! yet think Upon your wives, your children; you will doom them

To indiscriminate slaughter.

Fulvius Valens. We, we doom them! Do we enact laws that our nature shrinks from? Do we condemn a father to behold His innocent children murdered, or the wife, The dear wife of his bosom, violated By brutal persecution? Do we tear The sister from the bleeding brother's arms, And butcher her? Or stab the nursing, couch'd Upon its mother's breast?—We're not the slayers
Of helpless age, of infancy and woman!

Marcus, Aurelius, and all the Christians, join in the determination of Fulvius, whom neither the dread of death nor the ties of kindred can seduce from the faith, though Herminianus offers that his son's and daughter's hopes shall be confirmed. Herminianus, with Caius Afer and guards, repair to Aurelia, to enforce the match. Marcus enters at the moment they are carrying her off to the temple; he kills Caius Afer, and is seized, but the Christians rescue him. A most affecting interview, worked up

with great delicacy and feeling, takes place between Fulvius and his daughter Constantia, which terminates in a resolution to die together, rather than sever from the faith.

Fulvius reproves Marcus, for violating the laws in the death of Afer, and he gives himself up to a Roman guard, who come to demand him; he is led to trial, and Fulvius pleads for him, how powerfully, one or two passages will show:—

‘*Fulvius.* Think, then, Herminianus, that this man, In the full freshness of those joyous hopes, That spring in youthful souls, he was affianc’d To one, whose equal love was to him, more Than earth could yield, almost than better joys. We all have known the instinctive tenderness Implanted by the God of nature; all Have, at some period, felt a little touch Of that which is so vital in good hearts. Smile not to hear an old man talk of love, As the best blessing of a mortal life:— Age tempers feelings it cannot destroy. Such was his love to her, such hers to him, When, in the height of bliss, when Heaven seem’d

To smile upon their happiness, you came, (I pray you be not wrath,) you came and sun-
der’d

Those hearts so knit together; you destroy’d, At one fell blow, what, from their infant years, Had grown in freshness and increasing beauty. Think that you did this, and then be prepar’d To judge as one who has committed wrong. I cannot speak to you by christian precept, But, by your Roman honour, let your soul Be sway’d to reparation.’

Again—

‘*Fulvius.* I need not urge you gave to Caius Afer The promise of a hand already pledged, At least, in sight of Heaven; that had he wedded The true wife of my son, force might have gain’d Her body, not her soul, that was my son’s:— And in such violation, you would sin Doubly, profaning rites most pure and holy, Mocking religion, making that accomplice To Afer’s lust.—Could he?—Is it in man, To see the dear one whom both love and honour, Almost religion, prompted him to save Before himself, to view her happiness As the fulfilment of most sacred oaths;— Could he behold her dragg’d away before him, Destin’d to violation? Could he see The wretch, who would profane his chaste love,

Triumphing in his villainy, and not— Madden with indignation?—This, this anger, The excess of love alone, you now would punish. Bethink you, if you ever valued woman, If ever you but thought the happiness Of having one, who knew no thought but you; Who only liv’d to love, who pray’d to bless you;

Who look’d up to you as her sure protector; Whose lovely helplessness ‘twas yours to aid, And be to her a lover, guardian, husband;— Then think, could he abandon her in peril? Or can you wonder he should strike the wretch Who would abnse his honour thro’ his wife, And trample on his fondest, dearest feelings, The guards of holy, of immortal vows?—

‘*Herminianus.* They were not wedded.

‘*Fulvius.* No!—Had it been so— I should not here defend a criminal, But plead the cause of the most deeply injur’d That ever tyrant cursed.—In that he erred;— He hath confess’d it with a contrite heart,— And I, in sorrow, yield it:—but, reflect, The feelings, the domestic, social thoughts, That prompted him to marry, were alive, More active in his hopes and fears, than if Assurance had been his.—We are not perfect, And at such times instinctive passion will Bear down our reason, our religion:—God Will pardon this, and man, while he condemns, Must surely pity.’

Herminianus condemns Marcus to death, but offers to spare his life, if Fulvius and Marcus will renounce Christianity. Fulvius refuses, and Marcus is led to the place of execution, when the same offer being made to him, he refuses also, although life, liberty, Aurelia, wealth, honour, and command, are promised him. Aurelia is brought in, and pleads to him to live for her, but still his constancy is unshaken, and she intreats to die with him. Fulvius, Aurelius, and Constantia arrive, and, on seeing them, Marcus exclaims, with all the fortitude of a true martyr,—

‘Father! I have not sold to them our faith;—

‘*Fulvius.* My son! my worthiest, dearest, pious son!

Thou’st done, then, thy last duty here!—Oh why,

Why must I love thee now beyond all love; Admire thee as I lose thee, as the savage Who dwells in northern climes parts with the sun,

Most glorious in his last beams, when he sets And leaves him wintry darkness. Yet the orb Rises again, and we again have life.

‘*Her.* Fulvius, your son refuses the conditions,

On which his life is spared, which you referred To his acceptance: once again to you I offer them.

‘*Ful.* I pray you, spare your words;— When I gave up my faith to Marcus’ keeping, I knew to whom I trusted it; had he Chosen to live, in me he had no father!

But he hath known my heart from earliest youth,

And I have nurtur’d his,—one thought, one will,

One courage, and one patience!

‘*Her.* Have you aught To say to him? if so, be brief; his life Is now but for a moment.

‘*Ful.* I’ve but little.

Our leaves taking, my Marcus, may be brief, For so will be our separation; even, Should not the murderous axe fall on me quickly,

As now it will on thee! there is a sorrow That preys, that will prey, surely, silently, Corroding and consuming. Heaven knows I am as patient as I may be, but Sure he will pity such a grief as this, For all he judges mercifully. Marcus, How can I bless thee? Thou art going, whither No human thought can fathom, to embrace More joy than we can wish; ‘tis I, who should Implore thy prayers.

‘*Mar.* Yet bless me, my dear father!

Let my ears drink those sounds, that seem to me Even now to pour its bliss upon me.

‘*Ful.* Be it Thy last, best earthly joy, that, while thou’st lived, Thou’st been to me a son, such as kind Heaven Bestows in unmix’d charity; a son In whom I ne’er have known a thought of sorrow,

Save this of parting with him: in whose life I have been most blest, and in whose martyrdom, Midst all my sorrow, I can glory! God Forgive the only trespass of thy soul!

Bless thee in heaven, as thou’st bless’d me on earth!

‘*Mar.* Protect Aurelia!—Love! thou wilt not quit A path will lead thee to me.

‘*Aurelia.* You reproach me, To speak thus. Do not doubt me. One alone, Could make me waver, but a dreadful seal Is now placed on my truth

‘*Mar.* I do believe thee. Herminianus; I’m prepar’d?—Constantia! My dear, beloved sister! this one kiss!

Now then, farewell, my father!

‘*Ful.* No—I’ll see,— I will bear all:—my son—I will not falter. Let me not lose thee while I may behold thee!’

Marcus is led forth and executed; this terminates the fourth act, and it would perhaps have been well, if the tragedy had finished here; for the principal interest of the story ceases with the death of Marcus. The Christians collect around Fulvius Valens, at the villa of Fulvius, where Antonius, a Christian, deserts them, and informs Herminianus they are met to resist the laws of Rome. Fulvius is seized and brought before Herminianus, who condemns him to death. Antonius repents, and offers his own life for that of Fulvius, and, when that is refused, determines to die with him. Fulvius has the choice of dying by the axe or by poison, and, choosing the latter, takes it at his own house. At this moment, Herminianus arrives with a decree, ordering all persecution to be stopped; it is, however, too late, and Fulvius dies.

The great error of this tragedy is the length of the speeches, which alone would have been fatal to it in acting; it is, however, a noble poem, and must soon rescue the author from the incognito he at present maintains.

—————
Forget me Not; a Christmas and New Year’s Gift for 1824. 18mo. pp. 380.

IT is related of Sir Christopher Hatton, that worthy knight who literally danced himself into royal favour, that he was once much alarmed by a singular warning written in his pocket-book. He had long promised his services in procuring a situation for Mr. (afterwards Sir Julius) Cæsar, without being more attentive to

his promise than courtiers in general. The expectant once chanced to find Sir Christopher's pocket-book, in which he wrote these monitory words—‘Remember Cæsar.’ The worthy knight, on seeing the portentous inscription, dreamed of nothing but the ides of March, and thought himself doomed to assassination, until Julius Cæsar himself explained the mystery, and was rewarded with a substantial mark of Sir Christopher's remembrance.

The little work, whose title graces the head of this article, pleads less alarmingly than Julius Cæsar did to Hatton; but although it has lain but a few days on our table, we have been unable any longer to resist its prayer; for, every moment it caught our eyes, we fancied we heard its plaintive appeal—‘Forget me not.’ At length we exclaimed in all the sincerity of our critical soul, ‘When we forget thee, may our pen forget its cunning.’

Our readers will no doubt recollect our noticing the last year's ‘Forget me not,’ as one of the most elegant and entertaining Christmas or new year's gifts that had appeared. The elegant volume for the present year does more than justify our good opinion, for it is considerably improved. The engravings, twelve in number, are very beautiful, and there is a great variety and originality in the volume, which, among its varieties, contains poems by those pleasing poets, Henry Neele, Barnard Barton, and Wiffen, as well as one by the religious bard Montgomery. There are several tales from the French, and one, as well as a fable, from the German of Kotzebue, forming altogether one of the most elegant, and at the same time one of the most interesting little volumes that affection could select as a present to a friend.

But the work is not merely amusing; for there are several articles of permanent value and interest, such as the description of the Regent Street by Mr. Papworth, the author of a treatise on ‘Ornamental Gardening;’ and a more complete account than we have hitherto met with of ‘The Institution of Posts in general, and of the Post Office of Great Britain in particular.’ Of this article we shall present our readers with an abridgment:—

‘The first mention of a regular system of posts is to be found in “Xenophon's Account of Cyrus,” to whom the Greek historian attributes the institution; describing it as an establishment applied by that wise and warlike prince to the purpose of maintaining a regular and frequent intercourse with the commanders of his armies and the governors

of provinces; and for this purpose built sumptuous post-houses, and appointed post-masters with supplies of horses and couriers, who travelling with extraordinary speed, from stage to stage, by night and day, secured an uninterrupted communication between the capital, and the remotest dependencies of the Persian empire.’

With the Persian empire the establishment of posts seems to have declined, and although Homer occasionally mentions messengers, or letter-carriers, yet we have no evidence that the Greeks had a well-regulated system of posts: nor, important as such an institution must always have been, do we find it organized in the Roman empire, except so far as related to military communications.

Charlemagne seems to have been the first monarch that had a well organized post communication through his extensive empire, and, from his time, to the middle of the 15th century, the subject seems to have been neglected; and even then the post of Louis XI. was merely an institution for the purposes of government, and only partially open to the nobility of France. Posts, in which the public participated, are said to have first emanated from the university of Paris, to which students flocked from all parts of Europe in such numbers as to render the establishment of messengers almost necessary. From their great speed, as Rollin tells us, they were termed in the university, *nuntii volantes*. The university allowed the public to participate in the advantage, and enjoyed the profits of the post-office for a long period. Lewis Hornigh informs us that, in Germany, posts were established by the Count de Taxis at his own expense.

But all these messengers fell far short of the eastern couriers in expedition, especially those of the Tartar dynasty. In China, letters are said to have been conveyed at the rate of a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles a-day, and that by means of couriers who had relays of horses at all the stages. Pigeon-letter-carriers were also of great antiquity, and Lithgow assures us that a pigeon would convey a letter from Babylon to Aleppo, a journey of thirty days, in forty-eight hours. We now come to the General Post Office of Great Britain:—

‘As early as the reign of Edward III. some notice appears in the statutes of posts, but so vague that the nature of them cannot be ascertained; nor is there the least reason to believe that they existed in the form of a public establishment. By Edward IV. post-houses were erected at stages of twenty miles each, and a military post was es-

tablished northward for the purpose of facilitating the communication with the army, and obtaining the earliest intelligence of affairs during the Scotch war. This establishment has been attributed with much probability to his politic brother Richard who at that time commanded in the expedition in question.’

At what precise period the public began to participate in the benefit of this conveyance does not appear. The first foreign post was established by James I., and his son and successor, in 1635, established an overland post for England and Scotland under new and important regulations: but it was not until the Commonwealth that the posts became important as a branch of revenue. The expense had hitherto been borne by the government at a charge of 7000l. a-year: but, in Cromwell's time, they were farmed for 10,000l. a-year, and that with such advantage to the contractor, as to excite the cupidity of the Common Council of London, who sought to establish an opposition, which, however, was checked by the interference of the Parliament.

The General Post Office of Great Britain at present has deputies in all the towns, and most of the large villages throughout the kingdom. The number of deputy-postmasters in England, who keep account with the chief office, exceed 600, and in Scotland 200. In London there are upwards of 60 receiving-houses for general-post letters; and at the general-post office, the number of officers is 175; messengers and porters 35; letter-carriers, 203; mail-guards 270. The mail-coaches travel about 13000 miles a day, for which the contractors receive, upon an average, 1½d. a-mile. The number of mail-coaches out of London is 22; and those which are engaged in the cross-road communications 45.

In the district of the twopenny post, which extends above ten miles round London, there are 140 receiving-houses; the number of officers is 48, and of letter-carriers 359.

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The Songs and Ballads of Robert Burns; including Ten never before published; with a Preliminary Discourse and Illustrative Prefaces. 18mo. pp. 320. London, 1823.

THE Scotch profess to be a very moral people, but if we were to judge of their character by their songs and ballads, we should draw very different conclusions; and it is a well known fact, that there is scarcely one of their favourite airs that was not originally composed for a ballad highly indecent if not downright obscene.

The Scottish poets, until within the last half century, reminded us of the age of Charles II. in England, when licentiousness had the open sanction of the court, and in later times the Scottish muse has not been over pure. Even Burns, the sweetest minstrel Scotia ever gave to the world, though taking the whole of his works might fairly be considered as a moral poet, had a little of the old leaven, and some of his pieces are not sufficiently chaste for 'ears polite:' but these were few in number, and were most probably written in a moment of thoughtless gaiety, or to give a new zest to the too free indulgence of the pleasures of the festive board, and he was careful that they should never appear in his works during his life time. His editors have paid that respect to his memory, which his good sense, when living, pointed out as due to his character, and have not sullied the moral and nervous pages of Burns, with the thoughtless productions of his muse. Dr. Currie has been accused of being too fastidious, and perhaps he was so, but, admitting this, it was 'a failing leaning to virtue's side,' and much more commendable than the conduct of him, who, careless of the fair fame of Burns, rakes up every unpublished line he has written, regardless with what remorse the poet might afterwards have viewed it, and reckless of the injury it may do to public morals. Such a person we conceive the editor of Burns's songs and ballads, who has only added ten pieces to the previous collection of the poet, and out of these ten there is but one that we can possibly quote. But we have no guarantee that the ten or nine obnoxious ballads, or songs were really written by Burns, though we do not feel ourselves at liberty to dispute their genuineness; these are, however, such as we are assured no man would have more lamented to see in print than Burns himself had he lived. Some of them are not only indelicate but profane, and, as if their publication should not be sufficient to injure the memory of Burns, the editor gives us a 'Preliminary Discourse in which the amatory ideas of Burns are compared with those of Solomon, Anacreon, and Sappho!'

That an individual who can gloat over impurity should seek to justify it by precedent is natural enough, but no one, except an infidel, would thus seek to stab religion by representing the sacred scriptures as having furnished the models of obscenity.

The collection now before us consists of about one hundred and sixty songs

and ballads, all of which are well known to the admirers of Burns, ten only excepted; and as to these, since

'Ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'

One of the ten, however, we may venture to quote, but though not objectionable in a moral point of view, we confess we do not think it calculated to add to the poetical reputation of the author. It is entitled—

'THE UNION.'

'This song has not hitherto appeared in any collection of the poetry of Burns. It relates to an event which he never mentioned without a feeling of humiliation. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "have I often said to myself, what are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union, that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms—'English ambassador,' 'English court,' &c."

'TUNE.—"Such a parcel of rogues in the nation."

'FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,
Farewell our ancient glory;
Farewell even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!
'What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!
'O would, or I had seen the day,
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll mak this declaration,
We're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!'

Had Wilkes been living, and seen this, he would not have hesitated to assert that England had the worst of the bargain; for ourselves—we think that the Union was an advantage to both countries.

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A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour.

By DR. MEYRICK.

(Continued from p. 675.)

WE do not propose to trace the history of armour through all the successive variations it has undergone, as described in this splendid work, nor, indeed, could it be duly understood, except in connection with the plates. Our readers could form little idea of the warlike appearance of Cœur de Lion, the almost impervious coat of mail with which he was invested, or the death-dealing battle-axe which he wielded, but the equestrian engraving makes the subject clear enough, and our only astonish-

ment is how a man thus environed with cold iron, as Hudibras would say, could support it and display such activity in the field.

The reign of Richard I. was not only distinguished for military exploits, but also for military pastimes; and Dr. Meyrick gives a very interesting account of the jousts and tournaments, the quintain, and other martial amusements of the time. Richard I. made the chivalrous spirit of the age contribute to his finances, and no person could enter the field as a combatant without paying a tax proportioned to his rank. From the tournament of chivalry to the legal duel or wager of battle the transition is natural, and we have a good account of the manner in which it was regulated. The ancient tournament was frequently a sort of battle-royal, in which numerous combatants were engaged at once, promiscuously encountering each other; and the champion who remained unhorsed at the conclusion of the sports, besides the honour he obtained, sometimes secured a pecuniary reward. Walsingham relates an account of a singular tournament, to which the Earl of Chablon invited Edward I. when he passed through Savoy on his return from Palestine:—

'The king with his followers amounting to one thousand, accepted the challenge, although fatigued by the length of their journey, and only half the number of their antagonists. On the day appointed both parties met, some on foot, others on horseback, and, being armed with swords, the engagement commenced. The earl, a most athletic man, singled out the king, and on his approach, throwing away his sword, cast his arms about the neck of the monarch, and used his utmost endeavours to pull him from his horse. Edward, on the other hand, finding the earl would not quit his hold, put spurs to his horse and drew him from his saddle hanging upon his neck, and then shaking him violently, threw him to the ground. The earl having recovered himself and having remounted, attacked the king a second time, but finding himself disabled, gave up the contest, acknowledging him to be the conqueror. The knights of the earl's party were engaged when they saw their leader drawn from his horse, and run upon the English with so much violence that the pastime assumed the tumultuous appearance of a real battle. The English, on their side, repelled force by force, and Edward's archers drove their opponents from the field, mixed among the knights, and sometimes cutting the girths of the saddles or ripping up the bowels of their horses, brought their riders to the ground, and secured them as prisoners. Had not the resignation of the earl put an end

to the conflict, in all probability, the consequences would have been very serious.'

Great alterations were made in the army during the warlike reign of Edward III., and those alterations were generally in favour of the liberty of the subject. In this age of heroism, even females appeared in armour, as we learn from the old chronicles. Froissart tells us that—

'The Earl of Montfort, being a prisoner at Paris, the countess, who possessed the courage of a man and the heart of a lion, defended the Castle of Hennibon, belonging to the earl, clothed herself in armour, and mounted on a charger, galloped up and down the streets encouraging the inhabitants; ordered the ladies and women to unpave the streets and carry the stones to the ramparts, and throw them on their enemies; and she had pots of quick lime brought her for that purpose.'

Dr. Meyrick refutes the common tradition that Edward the Black Prince received the name from his wearing black armour, for there is no evidence of his ever wearing it all. It was on account of his having assumed the device on the standard of the King of Bohemia, which was three ostrich feathers on a black ground. From this time the French began to call the prince Le Neor; and in a record of the 20th of Richard II. he is called the Black Prince.

The mode of warriors yielding themselves prisoners, in these times, we learn from a memorandum inserted in the pedigree of the Pelham family:—

'When John, King of France, yielded himself prisoner in the battle of Poictiers, he gave his right hand gauntlet to the French knight, in the service of the King of England, who advised him to yield; but he was taken at that moment by force from him by John de Pelham, (afterwards knighted) who laid hold of his belt, while Sir Roger de la Wan got his sword. In memory of this, the descendants of Sir John de Pelham, constantly used the buckles of a belt as a badge in their seals, and the descendants of Sir Roger de la Wan the crampet or chape of a sword.'

'So in the battle of Durham, in 1346, an esquire named John Copland, called on David, king of Scotland, to yield himself, which so enraged him, that though wounded in two places, and having his weapons beat out of his hands, he struck him with his gauntlet which beat out two of his teeth, saying that he would yield to none but a person of quality: but the esquire asserting he was a baron of England, the Scottish monarch delivered his gauntlet as a token that he was his prisoner.'

'At this time every man who took a captive might have for himself his ransom, provided it did not exceed 10,000 crowns; for, by the law of arms, those whose redemption exceeded that sum, belonged to the king.'

'When knights were desperately wounded, it was the practice for their esquires to take them from the field, unarm and refresh them, and bind up their wounds.'

The chivalrous exploits of this reign abroad, and the martial pastimes at home, have been much dwelt on by all historians, and therefore we shall pass over the illustrative account of them by Dr. Meyrick. Tournaments were still more frequent in the reign of Richard II.: but here, for the present, we must pause. (*To be concluded in our next*).

The Loves of the Devils, the Rape of the Lips, and other Poems. By S. BARUH. 12mo. pp. 145. London, 1823.

AMONG the ephemeral productions which that teeming mother, a new year, produces, there was one called, we believe, 'the Metropolis,' which gave a sort of parody on 'Moore's Loves of the Angels,' and entitled it the 'Loves of the Mortals.' Ex-sheriff Parkins, and Olive, soi-disant Princess of Cumberland, were the first and the only pair whose loves we recollect to have read and laughed at. Whether the author of the 'Loves of the Devils,' who states himself to be unschooled, self-taught, and under 21 years of age, took the hint from Moore, or from the editor of 'The Metropolis,' we know not, but he appears to us to have fallen as far short of the beauty and spirit of the one as he has of the humour of the other; and yet there is a sort of wild untutored genius about the pieces, which gives presage of better things.

The 'Rape of the Lips' is not quite so irregular a poem. It is addressed to the ladies, and we should almost suspect the author to be of the sister kingdom, as he tells the fair that he is a bachelor, and will remain unmarried until one of them blesses him with their charms! In both poems the author subjects himself to unfavorable comparison, and involuntarily Moore and Pope rush on our recollection as we read the titles of his poems; nor are they original in other respects, for, in reading them, we perpetually meet with old acquaintance. Some of his minor poems, which are numerous, are more to our taste than either of the principal ones, which do not rise above mediocrity. The following, though a most palpable parody, is pretty:—

'Oh! say not woman's heart is cold,
Or lost to every feeling;
Mark but that look,—that glance behold
Whilst every care revealing,

And sure 'twill prove that each fond thought,
With kind compassion's glowing;
When love and pity melt the soul,
And burning tears are flowing.

'Oh! say not woman's tear is false,
Or that it flows at telling;
It is the soft perceptive glow,
Which melts without compelling;
The flush that lights up beauty's cheeks,
Whilst every care revealing,
Her warm expressive soul bespeaks,—
Bespeaks her gen'rous feeling.'

The 'Fare thee Well' is a still closer parody on Byron's celebrated address to his wife; and we might quote several other imitations equally obvious.

The author is young, and very amatory, for, independent of his 'Rape of the Lips,' there is scarcely one, even of his minor pieces, that is without his homage to lips and kisses; now we think both lips and kisses very good things in their way, but bad subjects to be always either talking or writing about, and, notwithstanding all our author may say, we believe the ladies will be of our opinion. In conclusion, we must observe, that whatever indulgence may be extended to Mr. Baruh, on account of his youth or defective education, he has much to learn, and much, also, to unlearn, before he can attain celebrity as a poet.

The Pamphleteer, No. XLIV.

As this really valuable work does not profess to give many original articles, the interest and importance of its numbers will sometimes vary, according as events or accidental circumstances have produced materials for it. The number just published contains ten distinct pamphlets, of which one, at least, is original. The first is entitled, 'Observations on the appointment of the Right Honorable George Canning to the Foreign Department, and on its effects on the state of society in England, and on European politics.' It is written by Lewis Goldsmith, a gentleman of political notoriety, but of considerable talent, and takes an able and somewhat liberal view of the political state of Europe during the last seven or eight years, though often savouring of extravagance.

The second article is the conclusion of M. Bignon's brochure—'Les Cabinets et les Peuples depuis 1815, jusqu'à la fin de 1822.' By the bye, it is rather slovenly in the 'Pamphleteer' not translating such pamphlets as this.

Mr. Hudson's humane pamphlet on the cruelty of employing children in sweeping chimneys, and Capt. Derenzy's 'Enchiridion' (both of which have been noticed in *The Literary Chronicle*),

come next, and are followed by a curious tabular analysis of the British House of Commons, as at present constituted.

An original pamphlet by that unintelligible proser and constitution-monger Jeremy Bentham, is the next article: it is entitled 'Leading Principles of a Constitutional Code for any state,' and contains the usual portion of absurdity to be found in all that gentleman's works. All Mr. Bentham's writings are 'caviare to the million'; and if he really wishes to be understood, by the public in general, he must again get Mr. Wooler to render his work into plain English; for his 'maximisation' and 'minimisation,' his, 'additaments' and 'ablations,' his 'constant dislocability' and 'eventual punibility,' will sadly puzzle the country gentlemen.

The next pamphlet, on the Recognition of Colombia by Great Britain, has lost much of its interest by the recent appointment of consuls to that Republic. A defence of the 'Prosecutions of Infidel Blasphemers,' by the Rev. W. B. Whitehead; some remarks on the 'Unchristian Perfidies of the most Christian Cabinet of France towards Spain,' and Mr. Blaquier's lame 'Report on the present State of the Greek Confederation,' conclude No. XLIV of the 'Pamphleteer.'

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Travels in Rotherhithe, a Satire. By JESSE HAMMOND, Author of Lyric Pieces, &c. 12mo. pp. 23. London, 1823.

WHAT an unalliterative author this Jesse Hammond must be, to call his satire 'Travels in Rotherhithe,' when traversing the whole neighbourhood can scarcely be called travelling; now, 'Rambles in Rotherhithe' would be more to the purpose, and go 'trippingly on the tongue' as Hamlet says; but it is often much easier to write a book than to find a good title for it: and yet what a place, after all, is Rotherhithe to ramble in! Indeed, the author feels the full force of its obscurity, and expresses it in the opening of his poem, which is a good-natured satire, but much too thickly strewed with puns. The opening stanzas display a talent which would have graced a better subject; so we think our readers will allow:—

'What god or goddess now shall I invoke?
Let me see—gods! 'tis a doubtful case;
For there's scarce one among the heav'nly folk,
Perhaps that ever heard of such a place—
"Rotherhithe!" methinks Apollo says,
"Why where the devil in the world is that?"

I have no vot'ries there to sound my praise,
Nor is 't a place that I've a temple at:
It must be somewhere, in the world call'd neither,
Unknown to me and muses altogether."

"Momus, I know that you're a merry dog,
And make both mortals and immortals blythe,
Just cast your eye along your catalogue,
And see if you've a shrine at Rotherhithe?"

"No," mumbles Momus, "'tis some dreary coast,
Where I have never shown my smiling face;
Where wit and mirth and humour would be lost

Upon a plodding, dull, and heavy race:
Some port into *Thessaly*, near Pluto's cell,
The fag end of the isthmus next to hell."

"But send for Neptune, for I think the name
Must be compounded of two Saxon phrases,
A *sailor* and a *wharf*, and he lays claim,
As god of water, to the 'long shore places':—
Then up starts Vulcan, clumsy uncouth chap!
And gruffly thus gives gratis his opinion—
"Rotherhithe be d—d, 'tis *Redriffe* in the map,
And I'm its god, and it is my dominion:
All other deities they treat as fables,
But my throne's fix'd on *anchors and chain cables*."

"You fib," says Venus to her Jerry Sneak,
"To say no other pow'r's their homage share,
For at my shrine they mostly end the week,
Ask Bacchus else who often backs me there?"
"Right," says the rosy boy, and blinks his eye,
"Vulcan's their god just while they blow the bellows,
And Nep's their wet-nurse; but, when they are dry,
They sacrifice to me like jolly fellows":—
Thus to my fancy would disputes arise,
Soon as the word was whisper'd in the skies."

The author then playfully describes Rotherhithe and all its peculiarities, not forgetting to introduce a due portion of the vulgar tongue, which is there preserved in all its native purity.

—————
Chemical Recreations; a Series of Amusing and Instructive Experiments. To which are prefixed First Lines of Chemistry. Illustrated by seventy Engraved Figures. 12mo. pp. 224. London, 1823.

THE author of this little work, which is dedicated to the mechanic's class of the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow, says the object of it is to furnish to junior students of chemistry a *text book* at a moderate price. It contains a brief introductory treatise on chemistry, and a collection of upwards of 800 interesting experiments, which are calculated to explain and illustrate this useful science. To these are added a table of chemical decompositions, another of specific gravities, &c.; the whole is illustrated by about seventy engraved figures. Although to the proficient in chemistry a work like this can be of little utility, yet to the student and the amateur it will be acceptable, as the elementary parts of

the science are described in an easy and familiar manner, and the experiments are both pleasing and instructive. Among these are several domestic recipes, two or three of which we select.

'Ready Method of Ascertaining the Proportion of Alcohol in Wines, Beer, Cider, and other Spirituous Liquors.—Process: To 100 parts in volume of the liquid to be tried, add twelve parts of solution of sub-acetate of lead, (prepared as directed below), a precipitation ensues; which, by a slight agitation is rendered general. On filtering, a colourless liquid, containing the alcohol, is procured. By mixing with this dry and warm carbonate of potass, (calcined pearl-ash), as long as it is dissolved, we separate the water from the alcohol. The latter is seen floating above in a well-marked stratum; the quantity of which can be estimated at once, in a measure tube, (such as figure 12).—Preparation of the solution of sub-acetate of lead—Boil fifteen parts of pulverized (and calcined) litharge, with ten of acetate of lead, in 200 of water, for twenty minutes, and concentrate the liquid by slow evaporation to one half; it must be kept in well-corked phials, quite full.'

'Preparation of Ginger Beer Powders.—Take two drachms of fine loaf sugar, eight grains of ginger, and twenty-six grains of carbonate of potass, all in fine powder,—mix them intimately in a Wedgwood's-ware mortar. Take, also, twenty-seven grains of citric or tartaric acid, (the first is the pleasantest, but the last is the cheapest). The acid is to be kept separate from the mixture. The *beer* is prepared from the powders thus: take two tumbler glasses, each half filled with water—stir up the compound powder in one of them, and the acid powder in the other: then mix the two liquors—an effervescence takes place—the beer is prepared, and may be drank off. The effervescence is occasioned by the discharge of the carbonic acid of the carbonate of potass, which is given up because the potass has a stronger affinity for the tartaric acid. If the beer is allowed to stand for a few minutes, it becomes flat: this is owing to its having lost all its carbonic acid.—The cost of these powders is 8d. a dozen sets.'

'Method of preparing Soda Water.—Soda water is prepared (from powders) precisely in the same manner as ginger beer, (see preceding example) except that, instead of the two powders there mentioned, the two following are used: for one glass, thirty grains of carbonate of soda; for the other glass, twenty-five grains of tartaric (or citric) acid.'

'Lemonade.—Mix one part of citric acid with six parts of finely-pounded loaf-sugar: a very fine dry lemonade is thus prepared, which may be preserved for any length of time. The quantity of this mixture necessary to be put into a glass of water to make a pleasant drink, must be regulated by the taste of the person using it.'

'To Remove Ink Stains from Books, Linen, &c.—Apply to the spot, muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of

water, and, after a minute or two, wash it off; repeating the application as often as may be found necessary. Strong solutions of oxalic, citric, and tartaric acids, also effect the purpose, and, being less likely than the muriatic acid to injure the fabric they are applied to, are preferable.'

The Porteusian Index; or Family Guide to the Holy Scriptures. Eighth Edition. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1823.

In our notice of the 'Porteusian Bible' we explained the nature of the Index of Reference, which has been recommended by Bishop Porteus and several others, pointing out many of the most remarkable passages in the Holy Scriptures. 'The Porteusian Index' is a publication in a separate form of the selections of scripture passages prefixed to the 'Porteusian Bible,' which may be purchased at a low rate by those who may previously be provided with a bible.

Original.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
In a recent number of *The Literary Chronicle*, we gave an account of a secession of a large body of subscribers from the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow, and the formation of a new Mechanic's Institution in that city. This circumstance seems to have suggested to the editor of a cheap and useful little periodical, 'The Mechanics' Magazine,' the idea of forming a similar Association in the metropolis, under the title of The London Mechanics' Institute. After noticing the mechanic's class in the Andersonian Institution, the Edinburgh School of Arts, and the 'Mechanics and Apprentices Institution at Liverpool,' the editor proposes an Institution in London, for instructing mechanics similar to that of Glasgow. 'The principal object of it,' he says, 'will be to make them acquainted with those parts of chemistry, mechanical philosophy, and of the science of the creation, and distribution of wealth, which, at this period of society, it is essential for them to know; and the means of accomplishing this will be, to bring numbers of them together, in large rooms, where they may hear these facts stated, and have them explained to them by men who have made it the business of their lives to learn and discover them.'

Of the utility of such an institution there can be no doubt; and when we consider how numerous and how intelligent the mechanics in London are, it is

surprising that something of the sort has not been long ago projected.

Although every state that boasts the least degree of civilization has an academy, yet they are almost exclusively devoted to the higher branches of knowledge, without any attention to the more common and more useful arts in life. Spain, one of the last countries to which we should look, is however an exception, or rather was one; for, while the arts have been making a rapid progress in every other part of the world, it is to be feared they have retrograded in Spain.

Dr. Townsend, who travelled in Spain in the years 1786 and 1787, gives an account of a most liberal academy in Barcelona, where boys, intended for mechanical trades, or for the fine arts, are taught drawing, architecture, and sculpture, free of expense. The academy had seven spacious halls, furnished at the King's expense, with tables, benches, paper, pencils, drawings, models, clay, and living subjects. The students were admitted four hours each day, and the attendance was numerous, there frequently being more than five hundred boys present. These, Dr. Townshend assures us, were not destined for painters; such was neither the intention of the government, nor of Count Campomanes, who suggested the institution. 'Most,' the Doctor says, 'if not all of these youths, were apprenticed to trades; and it is well imagined, that every other art may receive some assistance from this, whose peculiar property it is to excel in imitation. 'Such institutions,' continues the Doctor, 'are much wanted in England: not only the sculptor, the architect, and the engineer, but the coach-maker, the cabinet-maker, the weaver—nay, even the tailor and the haberdasher may derive great advantages from that accuracy of sight, and that fertility of invention, which are acquired by the practice of drawing and designing.'

Such institutions were common in several other cities in Spain, and the beneficial results they produce are discovered in every part of the kingdom.

M. Betantourt, a Spaniard, and an excellent mechanic, who sought out ingenious artists in their garrets all over Europe, placed his own countrymen foremost in fertility of imagination and mechanical invention.

The Barcelona Institute was, however, confined to the instruction of boys, and to fitting them for the useful arts so far as a knowledge of drawing was concerned; and, indeed, there are few

trades in which it would not be of service. Although it never occurred, either to the government or to the public, to establish a similar academy in this country, yet the great utility of drawing to the mechanic arts appears at different times to have been appreciated. Among the rare printed tracts in the British Museum there is a sort of prospectus of a private drawing school, which places the subject in a strong light; and as it points out what we consider to be one important branch of art, to be attended to in the proposed Mechanic's Institute, we subjoin a copy of the hand-bill:

'At the Drawing-School near the Hand and Pen, in St. Paul's Church Yard, is taught the Art of Drawing, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the morning, from eight to eleven, for five shillings entrance and five shillings a month; also on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the evening, from six to nine, at the same place and on the same terms. Those that please may be taught at their respective habitations.

'BY R. LENS AND J. STURT.

'Sequius irritant animos demissa per AURES, Quam quæ sunt OCULIS subiecta fidelibus.'

'The plainest rules deliver'd to the EAR Upon the mind no equal force can bear, With those that to the EYE subjected are.'

'Graphicè, by Aristotle, is generally taken for the art of drawing any thing whatsoever with the pen or pencil, and was reckoned among the chiefest of those his Παθοφυλα, or generous practices of youth; as rendering them so many ways serviceable to their country, and profitable to themselves.'

'Of incredible service and advantage it would be to our smiths of all sorts, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, carvers, turners, embroiderers, tapestry workers, silversmiths, jewellers; nay to all our handicrafts in general.'

'For, show most of these workmen, abovesaid, a draft of what you would have done, their want of skill in drawing renders it almost useless to them.'

'For example, should an engineer invent a machine, and draw it in all its parts, with its views per front and sides, the whole in perspective, a ground-plot thereof, with a scale annexed thereto, with what difficulty do they work, and the projector must be always by, or all will be marred: whereas, could our handicrafts and mechanics draw, a man might send his work from a hundred miles distance, drawn as above said, and be satisfied it would be performed to his mind, and according to his directions.'

'By what has been said, I would not have it thought, that none of our handcraftsmen and mechanics can draw, for some do, of my own knowledge, very well; which qualification hath made them the most excellent of all others: for the best draftsmen will be the best artist, in what art soever.'

‘ The design of this school is to have a constant nursery, or breed of youths, proper for artificers ; for as two, three, or more, wise, rich, and artful citizens, make it not a wise, rich, and artful city or country, but the general bent, genius, and inclination, and the greater part of them so qualified.

‘ For proof of what has been said, discourse with the meanest of all our handicrafts, though he cannot draw, yet will endeavour to chalk out after his fashion, your meaning and his ; knowing, by pure instinct, that all the rhetoric in the world cannot convince like a drawing.

‘ What an honour would it not be for our workmen and handicrafts, and satisfaction to the employer, when he comes to bespeak any thing of them qualified with drawing, to see them sketch out as fast as you speak, with a pen or pencil, what you would have done, and be sure to please you, even before a stroke be struck therein ; and this would prevent an error which the unskilled in drawing often commit, in asking extravagantly too much sometimes, and as often too little : by drawing they would compute the charge to a tittle.

‘ If parents sent their children to drawing, as customarily as they do to Latin and writing, it being altogether as useful to them, they would soon find the advantage themselves, and their children would reap thereby.

‘ For a master would take a servant qualified with drawing, with half the money, and be a gainer thereby ; for the boy would come to work in half the time, and both be assured, the master of a servant, for his turn, and the boy of being a master of his calling ; and not serve seven years, as many do, to little or no purpose.

‘ Neither would our handicrafts and mechanics alone be advantaged thereby ; it is an accomplishment for noblemen and gentlemen, scholars, all students in art or nature ; generals, engineers, mathematicians, surveyors, surgeons, and an infinity of others.

‘ How defective are the best historical accounts of animals, as birds, beasts, fishes, insects, plants, descriptions of countries, cities, castles, manners, habits, customs, &c. without drawings or sculptures ; being little more useful than a demonstration of Euclid would be without a scheme.

‘ The greatest master of words cannot describe, in the verbosest manner, any object, as beast, bird, or insect, (if never seen before) so as to make it be known when seen, which drawing performs infallibly, and with few strokes.

‘ I shall only add, what veneration and esteem the artists of this kind have met with in the world. The profession here of being admitted into the first place among the liberal arts, and throughout Greece taught only to the children of noblemen, and forbidden to their servants and slaves. Of no less account was it among the Romans, since one of the most noble families

in Rome, the Fabii, thought themselves much honoured by the surname of Pictor, Claudius Titus, the son of Vespasian, the two Antonines, and divers other emperors and princes, were excellent in this art ; as were also, in these latter times, many of the princes of Europe : Francis I. King of France ; Margaret, Queen of Navarre ; Edmund, Duke of Savoy, with many others.

‘ To conclude, speaking of France, the prodigious height that nation is arrived to, in this present age, in most arts, may be attributed to the public academies and schools, erected at the king’s own charge, for drawing, painting, &c. which hath produced such plenty of artists of most kinds.

‘ This paper may be had at the school. 1679.’

But although we have thus dwelt on the subject of drawing, we are far from considering it as the most essential feature of a mechanic’s education ; and we trust, that, in the formation of the Mechanic’s Institute, great care will be taken that it be directed to useful objects, and such as may render a valuable class of society wiser and better than they would otherwise be ; but we agree with the intelligent editor (with whom the plan has originated), that ‘ we should almost despair of any good from such an institution unless it proceeded from the mechanics—was supported, regulated, and controlled by them.’

We understand that the plan for the Mechanic’s Institute is nearly matured, and that a public meeting will be called in a few days.



CAPTAIN PARRY’S EXPEDITION.
In our last we gave all the actual information that had transpired on the subject of the late voyage of Capt. Parry, though, had we rested the merits of our details on their length, we might easily have made them much more voluminous, by adopting the same course as some of our contemporaries, and dishing up for our readers a description of the Esquimaux, as given by Captains Ross and Franklin, and by preceding voyagers ; for, in no respect whatever do the Esquimaux, seen by Capt. Parry, differ from those that the two naval officers we have mentioned encountered.

With regard to hydrographical discoveries, the late expedition has done little more than exploring a few creeks, harbours, and inlets that were pretty well known, though never before scientifically surveyed. Whalers have often penetrated much farther than Captain Parry reached, and the place where he wintered is not more than 700 miles from

Fort Churchill, where the fur traders of the North West Company have long had a station, and not half the distance from the parts regularly visited by the hunters : and, as the Esquimaux are in frequent communication with these hunters, it is surprising that we had not heard of Captain Parry long before his return.

It is said that the Esquimaux did not appear to have had any previous intercourse with Europeans, but, from their manners and even knowledge of the arts, rude as they are, it may be fairly presumed that they had seen something of a people more civilized than themselves. Indeed it is highly improbable that they can be altogether unknown to the Canadian hunters ; but an entire ignorance of the language, and a mutual difficulty of understanding and being understood are sad bars to obtaining very correct information respecting a new people. Their habits are as well described by Captains Ross and Franklin as they can well be without a more extended and more intimate intercourse than that of a casual visit ; and it would be assuming a great deal to suppose that these Esquimaux, assimilated as they are in their habits and manners to those seen by preceding voyagers, and resembling them in features and complexion, are solely confined to the islands without any intercourse with the Continent.

The facility with which the Esquimaux manage their canoes in water, and their migratory expeditions on the ice, afford the very rational conclusion that those met with in the different parts of these northern regions, by Captains Ross, Parry, and Franklin, have all had the same origin, and perhaps occasional intercourse with each other. If there is any difference it is in favour of those met with by Captain Parry, whose superior intelligence over the Esquimaux seen by Captain Ross has, in all probability, arisen from their connection with the Canadian hunters.

Notwithstanding the rude habits of the Esquimaux, and their seclusion from all civilized society, they are still an ingenious people, and their clothing and implements display considerable skill in the manufacture. Among the specimens brought home are jackets with hoods, and trowsers with boots, former of seals’ and bears’ skins, and sewed with great strength and neatness, the needles being made of bone, and their thread of mosses. The upper garment resembles a smock frock, with a tapering skirt, and has a hood, in which the women carry their infants ; but the dresses of the men have the

hood also, and the trowsers and boots are alike for each. In very severe weather the natives wear a double set of garments, the furs being next the skin and outwards,—the fleshy sides of the two hides coming together. They use immensely long whips, with great dexterity, made of hides, and plaited extremely well; the thongs are as thick, at the large end, as a man's thumb, tapering off gradually, and terminating with a single lash of the same material. The children have them for their amusement, and the whole tribe crack their whips in a style superior to French pistolions. To try their skill in manufacture, a piece of *lignum vitæ* was given to one of them to make eye-shades, a kind of screen for the eyes, in some degree resembling spectacles in shape, but with mere crevices to look through. The artist soon returned the eye-shades, neatly inlaid with ivory, much to the satisfaction of his employer. From children they are accustomed to use the bow and arrow, and are consequently dexterous archers. The bows are formed of two pieces of horn tied together in the centre, and their spring given by the lashing on of the sinews of the reindeer; the arrows are made of wood, of which also some of their spears are formed; but wood is extremely scarce, and the majority of their spears are formed out of the horn of the narwhal, or sea unicorn. The sharp points of their instruments are generally made of a hard kind of stone or slate. Of the spears we have seen, one is of wood, with three prongs of bone, for striking fish below the ice, and is skilfully contrived; and another is the horn of a narwhal reduced to a convenient thickness for handling.

Among the specimens of Arctic animals is a considerable variety of birds, and their plumage is, in general, beautiful. These are best described by their familiar names; viz. the king duck, pin-tail duck, vellerope, sabine gull, silver gull, the turnstone, snow bunting, the red-throated diver, white partridge, &c. Those birds which have white plumage, and the arctic fox, have a slate coloured hue at the root of the hair, which at certain seasons predominates, and supplants the white. It was observed that in the stomach of the seals and other fish, which were, in the winter season, caught under the ice, there was a considerable portion of shell-sand, as if they had been compelled to live altogether on the shell-fish, which adhered to the sub-marine soil. One entire skeleton of the sea-

horse has been brought home, and several heads; the tusks of the largest of those we have inspected measure nearly two feet in length. The antlers of the reindeer are very curious, being entirely covered with fur: when the deer is wounded in any part of this covering, it bleeds freely, however large the horns or however remote the wound may be from the head. Skins of bears, white foxes, specimens of shrubs, grasses, mosses, and many other subjects for natural history, have come under our view, and will no doubt be given to the public in a suitable volume.

The dogs, in general, those faithful companions of men, excited much interest among the crews; and we have, consequently, many anecdotes, of which they form the heroes. Among these is one of Captain Parry's hound, which he took out with him. This dog had no tail; he formed a natural alliance with one of the Yakkee dogs (Yakkee is a familiar name for Esquimaux among the sailors), and she brought forth six pups; and, what is remarkable enough, one half of her litter resembled herself, with large tails—the other half were like their sire, without any—but they were all females; and the one now on board the *Hecla*, belonging to Captain Lyon, is a beautiful animal. The hound had been trained to follow its master, and pursue the game at command only; but the familiarity with which it was treated made him lose all respect for his superiors, and he soon lost his sporting celebrity.

A wolf will never face an Esquimaux dog, singly, if he can help it, but will follow one if there is a chance of being seconded by another wolf. On one occasion, the natives retired to their huts (about three miles from the ships), leaving their dogs to follow. At about 300 yards from the *Fury*, two wolves laid in ambush for one of the dogs, and actually tore every morsel of flesh from his bones before assistance could be rendered. The dogs are generally aware of the necessity of mutual support, and almost always act together; and it is remarked, that if the elder dogs got into a fray, and were unsupported by any one of their companions, after beating off the enemy, they turned upon the coward, and punished him with severity.

The difficulty of getting at the wild fowl, after it was shot, suggested the necessity of constructing a boat, sufficiently strong to resist the ice, and light enough to float rapidly after the birds that fell into and floated down the

stream. The carpenter of the *Hecla* constructed one, which three of the Esquimaux women covered with skins, with great adroitness—and the whole, when finished, did not weigh more than 34lbs.

It has been reported, that the Esquimaux were willing to accompany the ships home, and so some of them said, but evidently did not mean it; for when the ships were about to depart, they absented themselves with great precipitation; and so proud are they of their native regions, that, as we stated, they believe our people left with a determination to return and settle among them.

In our former notice of this expedition we gave a brief summary of the scientific intelligence that had been obtained during this arduous voyage; and we have no new facts of importance to offer. A more minute narrative has, however, appeared in one of the daily papers, written by a person on board Captain Lyon's ship. This letter we subjoin:—

‘*His Majesty's ship Hecla, off Cape Farewell, Greenland, Sept. 29, 1823.*

‘After an unavailing struggle of two years and a half to get to the westward, we are again thus far upon our passage homeward, by the same route as we went out. The news will, no doubt, disappoint many who were sanguine about the success of the expedition; but I feel confident that no person, after being informed of the particulars, and will judge fairly of the merits of the case, will deny that Capt. Parry, and every person under him, have done their utmost. On the former voyage, the heaviness of the ice, to the westward of Melville Island, precluded the possibility of ever succeeding in that way; and, on our sailing, Capt. Parry was directed to proceed to Repulse Bay (upper part of Hudson's Bay), as it was thought probable that a communication existed between it and Prince Regent's Inlet, discovered on the former voyage; and from that place to trace the coast to the northwestward, taking care to keep the Continent of America aboard. With this view we left England on the 8th of May, 1821, and reached Hudson's Straits on the 2nd of July, after a pleasant passage across the Atlantic, but destitute of any thing worthy of remark. There we were frequently interrupted by ice. During one of these delays, we were visited by a horde of Esquimaux, who came off to the ships from the lower Savage Islands, in their canoes, to exchange oil, skins, seahorse teeth, and whalebone, for pieces of iron hoop, nails, needles, &c.

‘On approaching Southampton Island, we were again a good deal obstructed by ice, which continued to impede our progress all the way up the east side of that island, until we got as far as what is laid down by Middleton, as the Frozen Strait, leading into Repulse Bay, which was quite clear of ice. On the east side of Southampton Island, we

found a large bay, called after the Duke of York, as we happened to enter it on his birth-day. It was the 21st of August before we got into Repulse Bay, which was found nearly as laid down by Middleton; and as no hope of a passage was found there, we proceeded to the eastward along the coast the same day, until we came among islands and ice. After passing these, we came to a deep bay, extending in several directions, when the boats were sent away for several days, and returned without finding any outlet to the northward. Still farther to the eastward of this bay we came to an inlet, which proved to be very deep, and cost us nearly a month in examining, by parties in boats.

During the time the boats were away, those who were unemployed on board, amused themselves collecting minerals and plants, or in pursuit of game, of which there was great plenty, consisting of rein-deer, white hares, white grouse, and ducks. In the beginning of October, the frost set in so fast, that the ships were scarcely manageable, or the sea navigable. It was then thought prudent to look out for a place to winter in, and a small shallow bay, on the south-west point of an island, in lat. 66 deg. 11 min. 40 sec. long. 88 deg. was found, which promised us shelter from the northerly winds and drift ice. A canal was cut in the new formed ice, and the ships properly placed by the 10th, about a quarter of a mile from the shore. We were soon afterwards frozen up and snugly housed over, and otherwise prepared for the winter, which now set in very fast; the land was covered with snow, and deserted by almost every animal, foxes and bears seemed the only exceptions. Our recreations and amusements now became so regular, that the history of a single day may suffice for the whole winter. At seven o'clock in the morning we got up, at eight breakfasted, at nine mustered on deck; the rest of the forenoon was generally spent in visiting our fox traps, of which almost every officer contrived to have one. This amusement lasted till Christmas, or in walking over the snow. At one p. m. dined; the afternoon was spent by some in sleep, others reading, or playing chess, backgammon, or cards, till five o'clock, when we took tea; at six attended muster, reading or writing until eight, when we supped; after that continued in general conversation over a glass of grog and a segar, until bed time.

On the 1st of February, when all our tales had been at least twice told, and the time began to hang rather heavy upon our hands, a most seasonable relief appeared in a tribe of Esquimaux, who were approaching the ships. This appeared the more astonishing to us, as we had seen none of them since leaving Hudson's Straits, except one family that we fell in with by our boats at the top of the inlet, and some others, that were heard on the shores to the westward during the summer, although in every place we landed, we met with remains of their huts, and some of them wore the appearance of being lately occupied. They came towards the ships without hesitation, entirely unarm-

ed, one of them carrying an old man on his back. On coming on board, they looked around, either with the most stupid indifference, or were struck dumb with astonishment*, as they had never seen a ship before, nor indeed a man, besides their own race. They exchanged any thing they had for whatever was offered them, and received presents with extreme delight, jumping and shouting in the most hideous manner, when any thing was given them.—They pointed to their huts, which were about three miles distant from the ships, on the S. W. face of a hill; and, on some of us making signs, wishing to go, there were one or two of them readily accompanied us. When we got near, all that were at home came out to welcome us with shouting and jumping; their huts were built entirely of snow, arched over like a baker's oven, but high enough to stand upright in, with a piece of transparent ice on one side of the roof for a window—on each side was a bench of snow, covered with skins, which served as the seat and bed of a family—at each corner was a lamp, with a stone pot suspended over it. Each hut was about twelve feet in diameter, and contained from a dozen to eighteen inhabitants, most of the men being accommodated with two wives; the door was about eighteen inches high, and three or four of the huts communicated with a covered passage, having one common door. The total number of the horde amounted to about sixty: they had been driven down to the point by necessity, to look for open water, that they might kill seals, and they had encamped there the evening before. During the remainder of the winter months we lived in the greatest friendship with them, occasionally supplying them with a mess of bread dust and oil, when the fishing failed them—they, in return, lent us their sledges to ride on.

The same day the natives appeared, a herd of wolves (thirteen in number,) passed close to the ships, and continued prowling about in the neighbourhood until they were all shot or caught in traps. The lowest temperature we experienced during the winter was 35 below Zero.† In April the ships were fitted for sea, when

* From our private sources of intelligence, we are enabled to remark, upon this letter, that the astonishment expressed by the Esquimaux soon wore off. In the course of their visits, one of them having 'fell in with a shovel,' endeavoured to purloin it, and was concealing it in the snow, when information was received of the fact, and the delinquent secured; he was taken on board the Fury, and several of the natives were invited to see him punished, he received a dozen light lashes, which he took mildly enough, and his fellows considered him well treated, as they fully expected he would be put to death.—ED.

† The sufferings of the crew from cold did not depend so much upon the state of the thermometer, as upon the wind; for when the temperature was 45° below Zero, without wind, it could be borne without inconvenience but when it was much higher, with wind, the cold was piercingly severe—the wind seemed to blow through them.—ED.

we were so unfortunate as to lose a man, who was killed by a fall from the mast-head. In May and June a canal was cut to the sea, a distance of nearly 2,000 feet, through ice from four to six feet in thickness. In that time the Fury lost two of her men; one died of a pectoral complaint, who had been ill ever since we left England; and the other of inflammation in the bowels. On the second of July we got out to sea, and followed the coast to the north-westward, or northward, meeting much ice drifting to the southward, which impeded our passage very much, and once or twice gave us some severe squeezes. On the 16th we came to a large bay, in lat. 69. a little to the eastward of Winter Island; in long —; in it were several islands, one of which was inhabited by natives. They agreed with a chart‡ drawn by one of the women at Winter Island, which had also a strait leading to the westward into a large open sea; and which they said was only two days' journey across the land from Repulse Bay. The west side of the bay we could not approach, on account of the ice, until the end of August, when it broke away, and we proceeded up a strait about sixty miles, until we came to heavy ice, which had not broke up. Parties were sent away to the westward over the ice, but the farthest extent they could reach presented nothing but a sea totally covered with ice. We continued at this place until the latter end of September, in hopes that it might break up, but the frost then setting in, very nearly froze the ships up, and it was with some difficulty that we got out of the strait, when it was resolved to return to the island, in the bay inhabited by natives, called by them Igloolek, to winter there, where we arrived at the end of the month.

In the beginning of October, the ships were secured and fitted for the winter. The natives seemed rejoiced to see us return, and visited us daily on their sledges, and were always ready to drive us to their huts, about six miles distant, whenever we wished to go; we also had sledges built, and purchased a pack of dogs for each ship; on these we were enabled to drive about at pleasure while the daylight lasted, but when the sun disappeared, which was for forty-eight days, we were very much confined to the ships. The lowest temperature was 45 below Zero. In the spring two or three of the officers were slightly afflicted with the scurvy, and our Greenland mate died of a dropsy in the chest. Parties went away, in various directions, to lay down the coast, and one party, under the direction of one of the natives, went to the mouth of the river, and caught a great number of salmon. It was the 7th of August before the ice broke up around us, and the following day we got to sea; Captain Parry's intentions of returning to England were then made known. On

‡ We have seen a chart of this coast, said to have been drawn by 'the conjuror,' and which was found to be remarkably correct.—ED.

sailing to the southward, we fell in with ice, and endeavouring to work through it, got beset, and drifted with it so far south as Cape Comfort, Southampton Island; on the 17th of September got into clear water, since which time we have seen no ice, except a few bergs in Hudson's Straits. On the 6th of September we lost our Greenland master, who died of the scurvy.'

Thus it will be seen that the Polar Passage still defies discovery. Four expeditions have, within the last five years, been sent out, fully equipped with all the best means of observation, and conducted by the most skilful commanders, and still we are in ignorance whether the passage to the Pole does or does not exist. The narratives of four of these expeditions have been published; and although they have added considerably to our information respecting the Arctic regions, they have left the great geographical problem they were sent to solve as far from solution as ever. Whether a new expedition can be undertaken with any better prospect of success seems doubtful. At all events, the route last taken has proved the most abortive; and all the dreams of reaching Behring's Straits, by coasting along America, have vanished into 'thin air.'

From the commanders of the various expeditions, it is to be hoped such data may be obtained as will point out the most probable course to be adopted in future, should a new expedition be sent out, which we hope will be the case, if it is only for the purpose of scientific discovery; for, whether the north passage may be discovered or not, there is little hope of its becoming important in commercial or political points of view.

NORTH WEST PASSAGE.

MR. EDITOR.—An old friend of mine, in the Greenland trade, was acquainted with the late Mr. Daines Barrington, whom I knew well. The captain always thought the 'much-wished-for passage was to be found by first sailing to the Pole, which certainly has been done a number of years since, and from thence to make way for Behring's Straits, in a southerly or south-westerly direction, and which has not been attempted.'

There are many facts ascertained by Captain Parry; but on my examination of them I cannot find any contradiction to this opinion.

The views I take are as follow:—

1. To ascertain again the state of the globe at the North Pole, which has been stated to be sea without ice; let the owners and masters with the crews of the whalers

be encouraged by government to penetrate to the Pole whenever they deem it probable. The cargoes have been of such importance that the masters have been deterred from quitting their fishing ground, as deviating from instructions, although I know many have been of a decided opinion, and others have proved, by facts, that there is no ice at the Pole.

2. That if the discoveries, by a few days sailing, should enable the masters to judge of the probability of any passage, by currents or otherwise, to the North Pacific, let them pursue it. The indemnities for the cargoes would not be considerable in comparison of the object, which, as D. Barrington has said, will never be given up.

All that could be done by endeavours, limiting the navigation to the coast, seems to have been done; Mackenzie, by his passage into the Pacific, has decided for himself, and to the satisfaction of numbers, that the passage is not to be sought in any inland current, notwithstanding what has been said in many voyages, and what has been stated in the first volume of the 'Christian Observer,' p. 360.

Many of the hints in that volume had influence on the Russian government, when Kotzebue's voyage was planned, and I recommend it to your attention, as it contains an able abridgment of almost all the voyages to that time (1802).

The decision to which the Lords of the Admiralty may come, in consequence of Captain Parry's communications, will probably suspend any effort connected with sailing by the northward coasts of America (the limits of which he appears to have ascertained); but it is not quite so probable that the inquiries upon the plan of sailing northward would be wholly relinquished, as we perceive the crews, during the two last tremendous winters, were admirably preserved by Captain Parry.

It is to be remarked that the proposed encouragements to the whalers need not interfere with any future voyage of Captain Parry and his worthy officers and men.

Oct. 22, 1823. ANGLICANUS.

The Topographer, No. 1.

ABERBROTHICK,
DIMINUTIVELY called Abroath, a royal burgh and small seaport on the eastern coast of Scotland, in the county of Forfar. Its name is derived from the river Brothick, near the mouth of which it is situated. Neither the streets nor the public buildings are much calculated to arrest the attention of a topographer; although there are some remains of an

abbey, which was founded about the year 1178, for certain monks of the Tyronensian order, in honour of the haughty and inflexible Thomas à Becket. This monastery was founded by William (the successor of Malcolm IV.), who was surnamed the Lion, on account of his valour.

In 1814, the barons of the exchequer, much to the credit of their taste, directed the adoption of proper measures to prevent the farther decay of these venerable ruins. On this occasion certain human bones were discovered, supposed to be those of the royal founder; but there was no monumental or other memorial to point out the precise situation of his burial place.

William the Lion died in the year 1214.

During the year 1320, a parliament was held within the walls of this magnificent building. At this parliament the Scottish barons did themselves great credit by their patriotic resistance of the foreign jurisdiction, which the papal see attempted to impose on their country; and declared, that as long as an hundred men should remain, they would not cease to defend their liberties and their independence. The style of this manifesto has been noticed as superior to any thing of the kind in that dark period. Soon after the commencement of the reformation, in 1560, this structure was nearly destroyed; and, till the year 1814, as already stated, had been gradually yielding to the ravages of time. The monastic records, however, were happily preserved; a circumstance worthy of particular notice when we consider the almost universal spirit of *iconoclasm* and abhorrence of every thing connected with the forms of the old religion, which prompted the zeal of the early Caledonian reformers.

The last abbot was the celebrated Cardinal Beaton.

ABERCONWAY,
Or Conway, in Caernarvonshire, North Wales; situated at the mouth of the river Conway. Edward I. very much enlarged the fortifications, and, in 1284, rebuilt a strong castle, at present in ruins, having been originally erected by the Earl of Chester, in the reign of William I., and destroyed in that of Stephen. By this castle, England was protected from the invasions of the Welch, under Llewelyn, and a point of concentration secured, in case of any projected incursion into the principality. On one occasion the Welch attacked the castle, at the moment when Edward

had crossed the river with a few attendants, and was separated from the town by the flowing of the tide; but the little band defended themselves till it ebbed. Richard II. was delivered into the hands of his enemies in this place, whither he had fled in 1399. After the civil wars a grant was made of it to Edward, Earl of Conway, who dilapidated the buildings in 1665: it is held, at present, by a private proprietor under the crown. Towards the mouth of the river, a little hill is planted, which has obtained the classical name of Arcadia. The general scite of the town is commanding and beautiful, and the ruins still magnificent. To the walls are attached eight large towers, surmounted by turrets, in one of which is a richly ornamented oriel window, where the toilette of Queen Eleanor is said to have been placed. Another of the towers having split asunder, a vast fragment has been precipitated to the beach, where it presents a fine specimen of ancient masonry. An abbey church, remarkable chiefly for its antiquity, is in the centre of the town. It was an abbey of Cistercian monks, founded by Prince Llewelyn ap Jorweth, in 1185. Edward I. removed the monks to a new abbey near Llanrwst. J. W.

VOLNEY—THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—YOUR last number contains something purporting to be a refutation of M. Volney's idea of the personages from Adam to Abraham.

The main argument upon which your correspondent appears to rest, is Mr. Camden's origin of the CELTÆ; he derives them, as many others have done, from GOMER, the grandson of Noah. This notion, I am happy to say, Mr. Editor, is at last completely exploded, and Mr. GOMER sent back to the obscurity from whence he was dragged to father the Celtic nations of Europe. Whether such an individual as GOMER ever existed shall not now be the inquiry; but it is most certain that no name, by which any Celtic nation calls itself, will justify the notion of his being their common father.

The BRITONS or Welsh call themselves Cymry,—their country CYNMRA,—a Welshman CYNMRO,—a woman CYNMRAES, and their language CYNMARAEG, (these terms are what they really use, and not those mentioned by your correspondent), and the derivation of these terms have been most satisfactorily accounted for by those that understand the language and literature

of ANCIENT BRITAIN, in a style quite *Anti-Gomerian*. I have already observed that the term for a Welchman is CYNMRO, it is derived from CYN, *first or primitive*, and BRO, *a nation, a people, or country*; the word bro, by a change strictly grammatical, in this and all similar cases, becomes mro;—thus comes Cymro, Cymru, Cymry, &c.—but, in the case of *Gomer*, such a change as G into C never took place, and is decidedly against the structure of the language. C sometimes becomes G but never vice versa.

I do not undertake to answer your correspondent's objection, yet I cannot perceive by what means he brings it so nicely about as to conclude, that he who believes as Volney did is '*placed in a most ridiculous point of view—actually in opposition to himself*', for it is very certain that impostors might be found to carry on a system for ages. I shall, I know, be allowed to introduce the Koran and Mahometanism as an instance, because the land we live in has no particular reverence for either that book or religion, I shall, therefore, most probably escape being denounced as an infidel.

The Mahomedan writers are as fond of deriving themselves and the world from favourites in their *Koran*, as our writers are of deriving the nations of the three divisions of the old world from the three sons of *Noah*. It so happened that America lay hidden at the time of settling the relationship, and was consequently left without an ancestor.

I consider, if your correspondent rests his proof in the assertion of Mr. Camden, I have only to assure him that *Gomer* has been disinherited on the clearest evidence, and that the proceedings against Mr. Volney must necessarily begin *de novo*. GWILYM Y SAIS. St. Pancras, Middlesex, October 17th, 1823.

DESCRIPTION OF LIMA.

[Extract of a Letter from an American Traveller.]

Lima, May 2d, 1823

THE city of Lima is situated in a fertile valley, surrounded by mountains on every side, except that towards the sea, and also by a wall to which there are four gates; at the north, south, east, and west side of the city there is a gate. The streets cross one another at right angles, bearing nearly north, south, east, and west; and through those that run east and west there are fine streams of water; this makes the city very healthy. I presume there is not a city in the world better watered than this. The houses are mostly one story with brick floors; the roofs are formed with reeds and plastered over with mud; this kind of covering would not do in our country where there are heavy

rains, but here it scarcely ever rains.—Some geographers say it never rains in Peru except on the mountains; this is incorrect, I saw it rain here once. Although it so seldom rains here, yet the country is well watered; the river Rimar is a fine stream running through the city, over which there is a fine stone bridge erected upon six arches. The vallies are very fertile, they produce fruit and vegetables of almost every kind. I presume there is not a country in the world that produces a greater variety of fruit than Peru. I have been here in the midst of the fruit season, but there is fruit all the year round, and vegetation never ceases; grapes, oranges, and lemons, both sweet and sour, are very plentiful.

Some of the grapes are as large as three of our fox grapes, and some of the bunches weigh two pounds, they are now getting scarce, the season for them is from the latter end of December to the latter end of March. Apples and peaches are now plenty, and many other kinds of fruit, such as I never heard of until I arrived here. It seems strange to a North American to walk through the gardens laden with fruit when our country is covered with snow. When I have been strolling through the orange and lemon groves, viewing the trees bending under their vast burdens of fruit, I have wished for some of my friends of Philadelphia to be with me for an hour; the trees are as large as our apple-trees.

Although Lima is situated in about the 12th degree of south latitude, yet it is never so hot here as it is in Philadelphia, indeed I did not experience any weather so hot since I left home as I have there. The Peruvians are a very harmless people; although the country is involved in war, and the streets of Lima are crowded with soldiers, poorly provided for, yet you seldom hear of a robbery in the city, and murder is scarcely known here. There were a couple of robberies committed on the Callao road just before I arrived, but none lately.

I have been through the mint and saw the whole process of coining. I presume this mint has coined more money than any other in the world; there were two machines coining dollars, each of which struck off thirty-three in a minute. I have also been in the room in the palace where it is said Pizarro was murdered. When I used to sit in the Philadelphia theatre looking at the performance of Pizarro, little did I think I should ever be in the very spot where he was killed.

We do not find the streets paved with ingots of silver, as it is said to have been once; people are generally poor, and the government is extremely poor, and will remain so until they get possession of the mines; the royalists have possession of them all. A few days ago there was a plan laid to give up Lima, but one of the fellows was caught in time to prevent it, and was shot; I was present when he was shot.

It is about eight miles from Lima to Callao, the sea port, and we ride up and down in full gallop.

We frequently have shocks of earth-

quakes here; there have been as many as four in a day since I have been here; the people generally run out of the houses, the bells are rung, and they go to prayers, and in a few hours afterwards they are gambling, I have often seen the priests gambling of a Sunday night, but I presume Sunday has not yet got to this side of Cape Horn.'

Original Poetry.

THE NUN

'Twas night,—and the wild wind did howl in ire
Against the congregated glare, that from
The tinted casements of the convent church,
Stream'd on the darken'd world. Deep woods,
beside
The convent's base, caught, from above, the rays
Of light that fell in broken masses on
Their leafy heads; and the tall pines oft creak'd
With melancholy cadence in the blast.
The death-fraught lightning rode upon the wind
And smote, with vivid fire, the beetling crags,
That crashing toppled to the vale beneath.
Impetuous torrents swell'd the mountain rills
Shed by the scowling sky.—No star peep'd forth
To soothe the scene of elemental war.
All was gloom!—Yet, in the storm's brief pauses,
The organ's pealing sound might oft be heard,
And with it sweet-ton'd voices wafting forth,
In deep and plaintive notes, the solemn dirge
Sung for the dead's repose. No lightning struck
The hallow'd fane. The dirge at last was o'er,
And all the lights evanished, save one,
A lonely taper which as wont is left
With those who watch the reliques of the dead.
It shone the only beacon of the night!
That storm beheld the death of one, as fair
A mortal as the day e'er saw.—She died
Not suddenly,—for she had droop'd for months;
A grief, an unknown grief prey'd on her heart.—
Her sorrows were her own, that fed on her
And life. She was a sister lov'd by all,
Tho' none had heard her history. It was
Enough to know she was unfortunate.
Where sickness shed its baneful influence,
The sister Ina there would constant be:
If woe oppress'd a bosom, there were tones
Of sweet compassion from her lips, that bade
And chas'd the grief away; and then her eye
Only would sparkle with its wonted light,
When 'lumin'd by another's happiness.
There was no bliss for her, except this one.
Oft in the dome of God her voice was heard,
Vying with angels' in seraphic tones.
She was an angel clad in mortal garb,—
Her thoughts were fix'd upon and were a hea-ven!

She was as wan as marble, and her brow
Was as the index of her spotless soul.
Her form was made for love, and her young
heart
Seem'd fit to be its own peculiar shrine.
But it was said that she had lost her love;
Alas, 'twas true! At least her soul had heard
That on the ocean's foam, *his corse* was toss'd.
It was enough!—Love was to her *as life*—
She left the world, its gold, its toys, to those
Who priz'd them, and retir'd with memories
Of happy days and happy dreams, to meet,
When her life's weary pilgrimage was o'er,

Her God at the appointed time. She liv'd
But eighteen months: each month beheld her
fade;
Yet not a plaint e'er issued from her lips;
No murmur told the breakings of her heart;
She died with one soft sigh; the heavens were
dark!
And that dread storm came on, as her sweet
eyes
Were clos'd to ope no more on earth.—

The sun

Arose from his own glorious eastern bower,
And smil'd on earth and sky. There was a
corse
Which lightning's dreadful fire had seath'd, lay
stretch'd
Across the rugged path, that wound its way
Among the cliffs to where the convent stood.
That corse was once the *lover* of the *nun*,
The idol of poor Ina's heart! for whom
She liv'd, for whom she died; and when her
thoughts
Were fix'd on him in heaven, he still on earth
Was wandering far from his native soil.
He sought for her where they had oft times met,
But found her not; at last some tidings gain'd,
He on the wings of love impatient flew
To clasp his Ina! Alas, he did not know
That she was sever'd from the world; and thus
Th' ill-fated lover did in part escape
The scene of grief that was foredoom'd for him.
He fell when Ina breath'd her dying sigh.
They brought his corse within the convent's
walls,
And found a miniature around his neck,—
A portrait of a lady:—*It was Ina!*
And in his garments were her letters too.—
They both were buried in one silent grave.

Edmonton. J. J. LEATHWICK.

Fine Arts.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS. (Concluded from p. 687.)

The new buildings for St. Paul's School are considerably advanced, and promise to become a very handsome edifice, which the former structure certainly was not; indeed, as far as regards any architectural pretensions, it was hardly known to exist. To say the truth, it was so little ornamental, that its removal could hardly have been regretted had it not been succeeded by anything superior. The front of the new edifice will be of stone, decorated with half-columns, and pilasters on a rusticated basement. And in the centre of the latter will be an enclosed portico, or loggia, of four columns, and two antæ.

As a very pretty architectural *bit* (to use a painter's expression), exhibiting much fancifulness and richness, combined with chastity of design, and with correct taste, we may mention the office of the British Commercial Insurance Company in Cornhill, the lower part of the front of which has been recently decorated in a very handsome manner. Although from its trifling dimensions, and its want of extent, this *morceau* is not likely to attract much notice, nor is

capable of producing any effect in such a situation, it displays merits both of design and execution that may shame many buildings of greater pretensions.

We have already dwelt so much upon what is actually doing, and what is expected will be done within the city, that we have left hardly any room to notice the buildings erecting in other parts of the metropolis, we can, therefore, do little more at present than barely enumerate some of them, and defer our comments on them till another opportunity. On the east side of the Waterloo Road two buildings, begun during the present summer, are already considerably advanced. Of these one is a Church, which is to have a portico in front; the other is the Royal Universal Infirmary.

Charing-cross, one of the finest sites in the metropolis for architectural display, although so long occupied by buildings remarkable for any other quality than beauty or grandeur, is to receive that embellishment which it so eminently deserves, by the erection of an edifice resembling the Pantheon at Rome. We hope that the material will be worthy of such a design, and that the building will be constructed of stone, not of any of those substitutes for it which are so much in vogue in the improvements of the west end of the town, and which, allowing them the utmost merit they can claim, are decidedly inferior to stone not only in durability but in appearance. The new Law Courts at Westminster, the new Offices at the Treasury, (to be erected on the site of the old stone buildings which are now taking down,) the church in Regent-street, and that in Langham-place, the buildings at the British Museum, &c. will all constitute important and attractive objects, and add considerably to the interest of their respective situations. But while so many new edifices are rising up, and while so many others have lately been renovated, we cannot help asking, will that truly noble pile, Somerset-house, never be completed? Since the erection of the Strand Bridge this has become more than ever desirable, as, owing to this not being done, one of the finest architectural views we can show loses considerably of its effect.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Monday, Milman's tragedy of *Fazio* introduced Mrs. Bunn to these boards, after an absence of six years, in the favourite

character of Bianca. It was this character which first established her fame, when Miss Somerville, and it has never had a more able representative. Her *entré* was warmly greeted; and in the course of her performance, she convinced us that she had not passed her six years from the metropolis idly; her acting was more chaste than formerly, though it had lost none of its force; in scenes of passion, she was as powerful as ever, while in those of tenderness, the emotion was more subdued, and, consequently, more natural. The statue-like attitude of despair, when she hears the death-bell of her husband—the insensibility that follows, and her agonizing exclamation, on recovering and finding that Fazio is gone, were finely conceived, and riveted the attention of the audience, who honoured her throughout with the loudest applause. Mr. Terry, as Bartolo, portrayed the miser with great truth; and Mrs. Glover played the haughty Aldobella with great spirit. Here praise must cease; for Mr. Younge's Fazio was execrable, and the other characters were not worthy of notice.

After the tragedy, the new equestrian melo-dramatic and hydraulic spectacle, so long in preparation, was produced: it was entitled, the *Cataract of the Ganges, or the Rajah's Daughter*; and is certainly one of the most gorgeous shews ever produced on any stage. In pieces like this we do not look for much of a plot; and expect the author, like Mr. Canning's knife-grinder, to say—'Story! Lord bless you; I have none to tell, sir.' The piece, however, has a story, of which the following is an outline:—

Jam Saheb is at war with Ackbar, and entrusts Mokarra, an ambitious traitor, with the power of making peace on any conditions during his master's absence with his armies. Ackbar proposes that Zamine, a supposed son of Jam Saheb, shall marry his daughter Dessa, and that the two kingdoms shall become united. The Brahmin signs on the part of Saheb, and is about to compel the prince to the union, when the Rajah arrives, forbids the marriage, and declares that Zamine is not his son, but his daughter, whom he had preserved as a boy, to escape the fury of his country's laws, which compelled female infanticide. This announcement throws the Rajah into the power of the Brahmin, who consents to grant him his life on the conditions that he resigns his daughter to him, and then consents that his dominions shall, at his death, fall under the sway of the emperor. His child's life and his own in danger, the Rajah yields on the Brahmin's swearing not to shed the blood of Zamine.—With the assistance of Colonel Mordaunt, an

English officer, the Rajah levies fresh troops, and, prompted by his advice, abrogates the law which enforced female infanticide. In the meantime Jack Robinson, an English sailor, and would-be Robinson Crusoe, by the assistance of his Ubra, gains admittance to the Temple of the Brahmins, even to their very sanctuary, where Zamine is confined, but through his own folly loses the opportunity presented, and is compelled to fly without being able to rescue the object of his solicitude. He reaches the camp of the Rajah at the moment when the Colonel is addressing the troops, and they have declared themselves anxious for action; he informs them that the Brahmin is on the very point of sacrificing Zamine, who had repulsed his profers of love. The troops immediately march for the place of death, an engagement ensues, the Brahmin is slain, and the curtain falls on the victorious Rajah.

In all that belongs to spectacle, the *Cataract of the Ganges excels*: the scenery is of the most beautiful description; the processions numerous, magnificent, and tastefully grouped; the dresses and decorations all splendid; while sixteen richly-caparisoned horses, at one time bearing warriors in the battle-field, and at others assisting in pageants, add much to the interest of the piece. In one scene, six of these horses, three abreast, draw a splendid car, entering through a lofty vaulted arch at the back of the stage: the burning forest, and the vast cataract of the Ganges, were very fine. If there was any fault in the piece, it was in the dialogue, which was tame; but the audience did not think so, for they laughed and cheered during the whole of the performance. The success of the piece was complete, and the house not only for the first night, but ever since has been crowded to excess.

COVENT GARDEN.—Farquhar's comedy of the *Inconstant*, which has lain dormant upwards of a century, was revived on Tuesday night. Farquhar's humour was never chaste, not even in the licentious period in which he wrote; but his play has been shorn of many of its grosser qualities, though yet pretty broad. It was admirably acted, particularly the part of Young Mirabel, by Mr. C. Kemble; but we shall have occasion to speak of this play hereafter.

The comedy was followed by a singular farrago of absurdities, under the name of a ballet of action, called *Harold the Renegade, or the Red Cross Knights*. It introduces a Senhor Venafra, from Lisbon, whose grotesque movements do not appear much likely to gratify John Bull.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This neat lit

tle theatre opened on Monday, under the management of Mr. Power, an actor who has not yet attained his proper level on the London boards. The pieces produced were highly amusing, and gave much satisfaction to a crowded audience.

Literature and Science.

Mrs. Helme's 'History of England' has been translated into French by Miss Celine Mauchain of Caen, and published in Paris. The work has been favourably reviewed in several of the French papers, and recommended generally to their academies.

In the press 'The English Spy, or Characteristic Sketches and Scenes of the present Age, prose and verse,' by Bernard Blackmantle, M. A., of Oxford; illustrated from the life by Cruikshank.—Part I. will commence with 'The Spy at Eton.'

On the eve of publication 'Points of Misery, or Fables for Mankind,' by Charles Westmacott. Illustrated with designs by Cruikshank.

In the press 'The life of J. Decastro, Comedian,' including anecdotes of various eminently distinguished characters, with whom he has been intimate during the last fifty years.

The forth-coming novel from the pen of the author of 'Waverley' is nearly ready for publication; it is to be called 'St. Roman's Well.'

A curious discovery has recently been made in chemistry: by exposing decomposed platina to a stream of cold hydrogen gas, it first becomes red hot, and afterwards white, and remains in that state of incandescence so long as the stream is continued.

'Mr. Tabram, attorney, of Cambridge, has in the press a work relative to the law of landlord and tenant, the origin and foundation of property in land.'

Letters from St. Petersburg state that a considerable quantity of gold dust has been discovered in the bed of one of the rivers of Siberia, which has been dried up during the continued drought of last summer. Specimens had been sent to Petersburg, which were found to be of excellent quality.

Preparing for the press 'a Treatise on Organic Chemistry,' containing analyses of animal and vegetable substances, &c. founded on a work on the same subject, by Professor Gmelin of Heidelberg, by Mr. Dunghson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

'The Private Correspondence of the late William Cowper, Esq.' in two volumes octavo, now first printed from the original, is in a forward state, and may be expected in the course of the present month.

French Newspapers.—There has been much discussion lately amongst the ministers about restoring the censorship of the press. M. de Villele is for continuing the mode already adopted with a liberal journal, and buying up the shares of all the liberal papers, until the majority is obtained; then, by degrees, the politics are to be changed, or a simulated opposition established to lull the public. With this view,

some attempts have been made to get a footing on 'The Journal du Commerce,' now the favourite and best written paper in Paris; but as the greater part of the property in this paper is held by M. Lafitte, there is not much chance of success in that quarter. 'The Courier Français' is more likely to yield, as there are no less than 48 shares in it, at 5000 francs each. If rumour is to be accredited, M. de Villele has already monopolized nearly half the shares of 'The Constitutionnel,' and under this impression many of its subscribers have left it for 'The Journal du Commerce.' Still, however, the property of 'The Constitutionnel' is very valuable—the shares, which are 70,000 francs each, yield an annual profit of 18,000 francs—about 25 per cent. The entire value of the paper is about 750,000 francs, nearly 30,000l. It is said that the principal editor, *Redacteur-en-Chef* (for all persons who have any thing to do with the getting up a French paper, are called editors, even to the reporters of police cases), who also holds one share, has an income of upwards of 40,000 francs per annum. The mere salary is only 6000; but he has 130 francs for every column of original matter from his pen, and the discretionary power of putting in as much as he pleases. M. Malte Brun has 12,000 francs a year from 'The Journal des Debats,' for articles on Geography, &c. to furnish as much or as little as he likes. We must not say, therefore, that good writers are worse paid in Paris than in London.

James Boswell was in the constant practice of dining *once or twice* a-week with the late Mr. Perry, the editor of the 'Morning Chronicle'; this was considered, by many, a strange mystery, the politics of the two men being so widely different. On this being mentioned to Boswell, by a friend, 'Pooh! pooh!' said Jemmy, 'it's only making an inroad on the enemy's provision!'

God and my Country.—The common question asked a criminal, viz. How he will be tried? is improperly answered, says Barrington, in his work on the statutes, *By God and my Country*. It originally must have been, *By God or my Country*, that is, either by *ordeal* or by *jury*; for the question asked supposes an option in the prisoner, and the answer is meant to assert his innocence, by declining neither sort of trial.

New Publications in October.—A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour, by S. R. Meyrick, L. L. D. 3 vols. imperial 4to. 21l. Rutter's Delicacy of Fonthill Abbey, elephant 4to. 2l. 10s. Dallas's Adrastus and other Poems, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Lizard's Views of Edinburgh, Part 4, 4to. 5s. Haack's Thucydides, with Latin, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.; without Latin, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. M'Kenzie's 5000 Receipts, square 12mo. 2l. 2s. Shaw's Nature Displayed, 6 vols. royal 12mo. 3l. 3s. Atlas to Ditto, 2l. 12s. 6d. Dibdin's Sea-Songs, Part 1, 8s. The General Gazetteer, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Gurney's Lectures on Chemistry. Cruise's Ten Months in New Zealand, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets, Part 1, Shakespeare, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Forget me Not, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1824, 18mo. in a case, 12s. Fulvius Valeus; or the Martyr of Cæsarea, a Tragedy, 8vo.

THE length to which our account of Captain Parry's Expedition has extended, for the last two weeks, has prevented us from inserting several interesting communications from our correspondents. They shall, however, have insertion next week.

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